

# THE TIMES

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

75th Year

30 JANUARY 1976  
3,855

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## The later Lukács

## Connolly first and last

### by Alastair Forbes

## A map of Ireland

### by Roy Foster

## Names on the Globe

### by Eric Partridge

## Michael Banton on Ethnicity

## Heinrich Mann; Pound Wyndham Lewis; Protector Somerset; Guderian

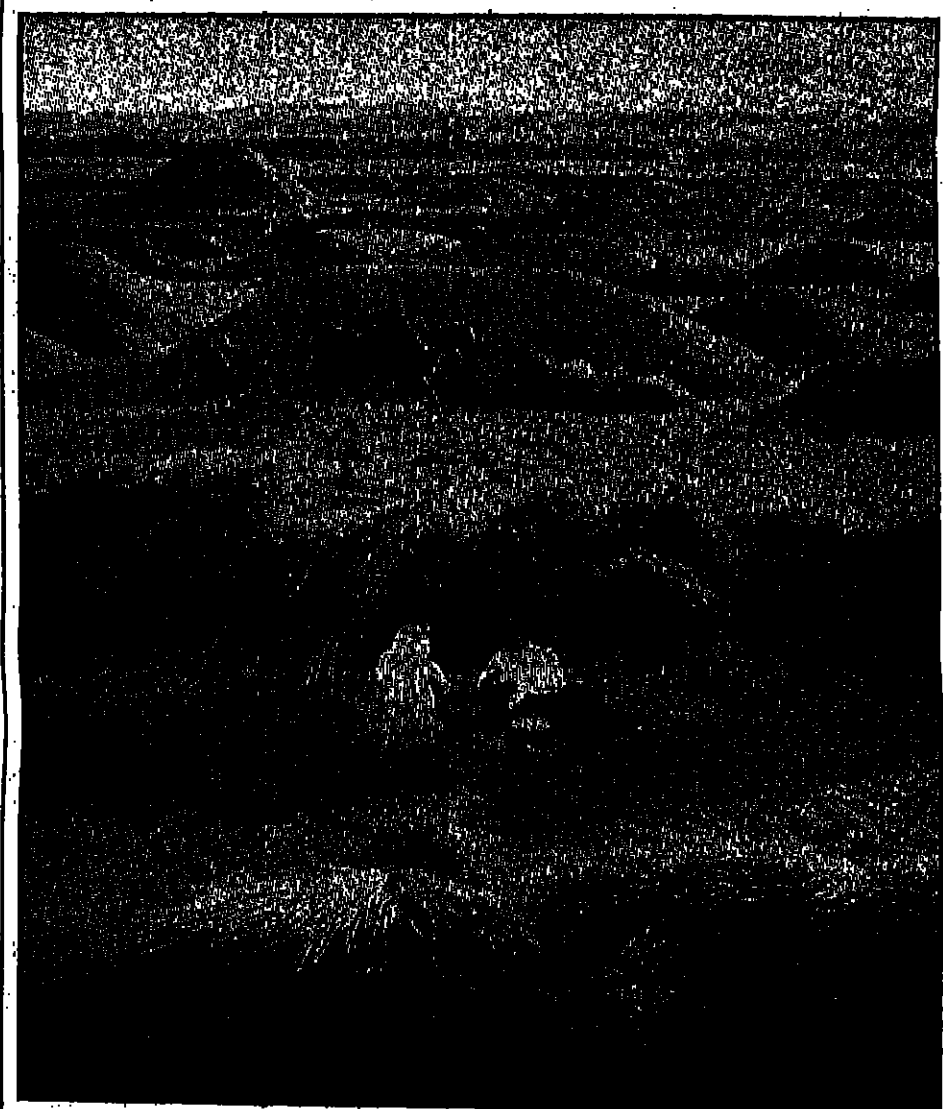
## 'Kubla Khan and the Fall of Jerusalem'

## Scenes of Literary Life, by D. J. Enright

### Portraits, Timestyle

## An evening with Ellen Terry and Henry Irving

## Fiction: Jurek Becker, Donald Ogden Stewart



Madrona, Segovia, 1962, by Michael O'Leary, one of the photographs in the exhibition, "The Land", at the V and A. (See Commentary, page 138.)

### COMMENTARY















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# TLS Commentary

## Scenes of Literary Life

I decline to write for the New Statesman  
Because once they sacked a friend of mine.

I parted company with the Times Lit. long ago,  
Objected on principle to anonymous reviewing.

Someone I know was badly used by the Listener  
On a very decent fellow several years back.

As for Encounter, we haven't yet forgotten  
The CIA scandal, have we? So that's out.

The Spectator did a dirty hatchet job  
On a very decent fellow several years back.

As for the Sundays, I wouldn't want to be  
Seen in cold print with the scribbles they employ.

Luckily there's a small mag in India, irregular  
And it doesn't pay. I can always write for that.

Had the Nazis read novels—  
So X maintains

—And specifically X's novel about the Nazis  
There would have been no Nazis.

I see one crying in the wilderness  
(I happen to be strolling past the gates).

The wilderness is not especially wild,  
The Urban Council has made straight its paths.

The quarrel with himself makes poetry:  
He smites his bosom with a light reproach.

No call to pity overmuch this voice.  
He is not used to better things, or worse.

The wilderness has kept him off the streets.  
The wilderness was made for crying in.

Were he a snake, his tail would fill his mouth.  
His tongue fulfils a similar design.

I see one crying in the wilderness  
(I do not hear: it might embarrass him).

Aah! went out: it was too solemn,  
And long, and carefully grammatical.

In came Doingyourthing, or Diaryhoes:  
Equally solemn, and twice as long,  
But o.k.—it was carefully ungrammatical.

This work contains an excess of characters; most of whom  
are neither good nor bad enough to hold the attention, and  
the reader soon grows confused. Despite lashings of sex  
and violence, there is insufficient variety of incident.  
Organisation is poor, motivation not always convincing,  
humour in short supply, and there are too many loose ends.  
Frankly this sort of "documentary" material is better  
suited to television treatment.

In clarity of plotting, character differentiation and  
"atmosphere", the present book is decidedly inferior to  
the author's previous work, which sold well in both cloth  
and paper and furnished ideas for several quite successful  
films. Another instance, to be sure, of failure to  
clear the second novel hurdle. Apparently the publishers  
of The Bible have declined this disappointing sequel, and  
I recommend that we follow suit. (Reader's report)

What's that book keel-upwards in the library  
With a torn jacket and an air of desolation?

—It wanted to be a human very badly,  
But failed the medical—too much humanly.

The Arts Council is to issue Hemlock vouchers  
Entitling artists to free drinks ad lib.

Followed by a Stape Funeral an message. They shall die  
Like ones that have been studied in their deaths.

Posterity was always a great reader.  
He would beg, borrow or steal books,  
He would even buy them.

You could be sure to find Posterity  
With his nose in a book.

(Except when listening to music  
Or peering at paintings.)

He had good judgment too.  
You could always rely on old Posterity.  
We shall miss him.

D. J. Enright

## Deadpan-handling

"The Land", at the Victoria and Albert Museum (until February 15), is a selection, made by Bill Brandt, of landscape photographs. A white room, with classic prints by the Americans—Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Weston, Ansel Adams and so on—leads the exhibition off. This room alone would justify the show. The images in the black room that follows would on the whole be as good in a book, and as though to prove it Bill Brandt has made a selection of forty-eight plates—also called *The Land*—which has been published as "the principal illustrated record of the exhibition" (32pp, Gordon Fraser, 16, paperback £2.75). Most of the plates in it are more immediate, more physically attractive, than the original prints, framed in discreet silver and under glass. But prints like those from Edward Weston's negatives in the first room have attractions not too far from those of, say, an average pencil drawing: detail, surface qualities, gradations of grey which seem beyond reproduction.

There are, of course, familiar landscapes and familiar images. Extremities of drought and cold show up the bones of the land; the ordered curves of snow and sand, the natural contrast of ice and rock, and the erosion of rock by sea or wind make subjects. So photographers—whose art this exhibition shows to be one of simplification, of finding comprehensible forms in nature—search out naturally simplified landscapes. (You need not even take the picture yourself: Bill Brandt has found images in the blanket coverage of air surveys—the picture of polar ice from the air credited to the US Navy, for instance—which are as remarkable

as many of the pictures taken for their beauty.) There is a limit to the number of simplified landscapes available, a limit even to the number of simplifying circumstances of light and weather—dawn, dusk, and mist are natural monument-makers. Under the lens they do not have an infinite life: the Californian coast will in the end prove to have supplied photographers with only a fraction of the distinct and memorable images that the flat Dutch landscape gave painters; a landscape photographer, like an explorer, in some sense wins by being there first. Which may explain the marvellous quality of the pictures taken by the geological surveys both in the United States and England at the turn of the century.

It is tempting to talk of clichés, but this limitation of subject-matter is probably inevitable, and part of the pleasure of the show is seeing what has been done with the same perception of form by different photographers. Ploughed furrows, for instance, and terraced fields. Just as the whorls of Polynesian tattoos gave form by following or countering the contour of the face, so furrows give form to the land. A low light or a low viewpoint shows up texture, a long lens shows the perspective and makes the curves whip faster. But that is only the beginning. In this exhibition furrows emphasize the desolation of a shack in a Texan field (Dorothea Lange), suggest the power of mechanized agriculture to feed millions (Margaret Bourke-White), and have undertones of arcadian pastoral (Mario Giacomelli).

Photographers, always searching for images which seem charged with meaning, are now learning to play it more deadpan. The formal group

in front of the plate camera become an avant-garde subject, print which at first glance is a negative so boring that you have thought the chemist to have had the wit not to put is now quietly sending up the investigation into the style of the abstract sculptor: a example here is Harry Callaghan's picture of flat desert with no dunes, no palms, and three or four close to the camera that could think of them as giving it.

If an image is unmeaning, unemotional, unshapely, it is, as an uncontaminated residue, fact of the landscape itself. It's same kind of artless residue you get in passport photographs which people shudder at when they are not.

The awful problem of colour, one as one goes into the sea black, room. There aren't many, our pictures, but glowing pools, chemical blue skies from the as monster dye-vat which supplies as shadows and washes, the wall look, at a distance, as a tourist office of a country for its reputation as safest and nicest. Close to, one finds that pictures by Grant Mudford of a trail, he sees as well as most; landscapes he is photographing as remarkable and as full of it. Much of that form, much of it quality, comes from colour. But perhaps because so much of what affecting in photographs is dependent on transmission into black and white, one finds that there is colour picture as memorable as of a dozen or so of the black and white images.

## A blast of Lewis

Sussex University Library has an exhibition called "The World of Wyndham Lewis", which will be open to the public until February 28. It was opened on January 28 by B. H. Rogers, who has been collecting Lewis's work since 1928 and, together with D. G. Bridson and others, has lent a good deal to the exhibition. The opening took place at a meeting of "The Friends of the University of Sussex Library", a thriving town-and-gown society which has plans for further exhibitions of writer-artists.

There are first editions of most of Lewis's huge output of fiction, criticism and academic, copies of *Blat* and *The Enemy*, and a great many excellent reproductions, but no original paintings and very few drawings. It is therefore impossible, on the evidence here, to make a rounded estimate of Lewis's ability in the plastic arts. The material presented in the exhibition suggests that he was after all an exponent of the Painted Word, whether or not he was also an exponent of the Written Image, as in effect he proved himself to be. That is the theories about art, the controversies, the issues came first, and the paintings grew out of them. The theoretical side of Lewis's art is beautifully documented in the exhibition, which is destined and comes to Sussex lectures (the remarks on Lewis as a writer by Andrew Crocker, also of Sussex, are less well written).

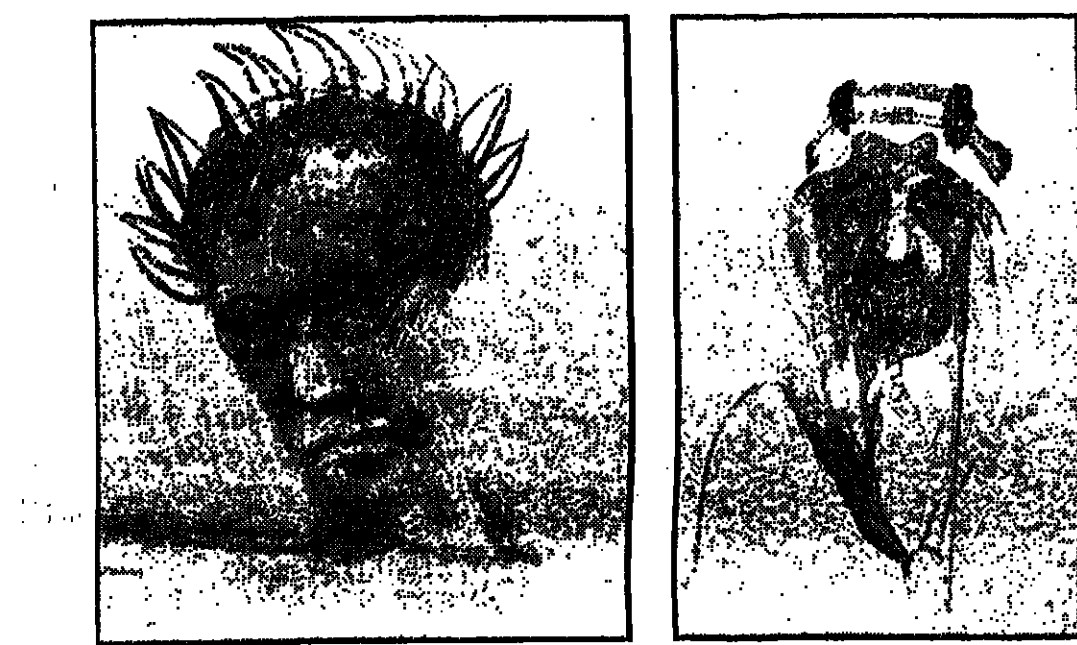
Particularly telling is the juxtaposition of Lewis's early paintings with works of other painters to which they are probably related: this gives the impression that they are somewhat derivative, from Picasso, Braque and even Duchamp. Whatever Lewis's standing as an original genius may be, his importance in the history of art and letters is certain and it is clearly brought out by the documentation and excellent presentation of this show.

There is no catalogue; the exhibition itself is a non-portable catalogue, in which the words of author and critics are blown up and reproduced on large screens, interspersed with the iconography. This has been done by the university's Media Service in the best tradition of

modern museum and classroom display: the result is pedagogically sound, and the message, whether about the Vortex, Ezra Pound, the First World War, Sir William Rothenstein or William Roberts, comes across forcibly. One panel, however, is aesthetically much more interesting than the rest, in that it gives full-scale reproductions of the portrait heads that Lewis did as a series in 1932. It is these brilliant drawings are not caricatures they are certainly, with their calculated distortions, close to the form of Lewis's own self-portraits. The designers have failed to print the names of the subjects; but this is a happy fault, since the visitor, if he thinks he knows who is who in 1932, can spend a happy half-hour trying to identify everyone. Eliot, yes; Joyce, yes (an undoubted caricature that one, in half a dozen lines); the young man in the dog collar must be Father D'Arcy, S.J.; the priest, the last but not the least, which one is Naomi Mitchison? It is hard to separate art-history from nostalgia.

## Feimos neims

We have just received from a publishing house Noit of Belg, an anthology of modern English poetry in Serbo-Croatian. The anthology, which is as far as we judge, is admirably thorough, wide ranging—at any rate, it authors represented extend to Džerold Manli Hopkins, Džerold Magher. They have a change of having their phonetically transliterated for Yugoslav audience, and English readers may find it takes a time to adjust to such exotic-looking figures as Villem Bailek, Volter de la Mar, Leri Li, Kingzil Eijmis (he likes it here), even such relatively familiar names as Philip Larkin and Piter P. The anthology is a good selection from Vistan Hju of Sasil Dej Luis and Luis Melak, but if Dion Melstild and Dipo V. man?



Time magazine cover portraits: Robert Lowell by Sidney Nolan; and King Feisl.

## Once upon a Time

The magazine *Time*, like the brown fizz Coca-Cola, is a subject that puts the and-multinational-combine lobby in their most fervent. Feeds-under-the-bed mood; but even they will not find many traces of a world-deceiving propaganda syndicate in the exhibition *Time* covers art at the American Embassy, Grosvenor Square (until February 19). It consists of some forty-five approximately framed (Mao in bamboo) works of portraiture, and one group (the Beatles) of paper-maché sculptures by Gerald Scarfe. The period from 1950 to May last year is in every sense covered, and in the standard of achievement, indeed of competence, is mighty variable.

True, the "exhibit", as the Americans like to call it, was still in a very vulnerable condition when the Embassy staff kindly allowed us to view its contents. Newly arrived from Athens (and before that Cairo and Tel Aviv), the items lay unhung against the panelling of the main hall. It was only by heaving Har Majesty the Queen and Abraham Lincoln out of the way, for example, that one could get at Annigoni's Harold Wilson, while John F. Kennedy, oddly enough, had his face turned to the wall. Bernard Buffet's Charles de Gaulle, by contrast, was already alcoved, lit and glassed-in down in the lower concourse: an order of

precedence that would have pleased the General, and also seems to reflect current trends in political reevaluation, though it was probably no more than an insurance officer's tribute to the astonishing popularity of Buffet, master colours, flashy verticals and all, in the living-rooms of the Western world.

No conformity of style, evidently, is demanded by *Time*: the fat red border and the bold titling of the magazine are enough to unify its look. Within this frame, almost anything goes, and has gone. Influences in the exhibit range from Lichtenstein, Warhol and a host of nameless commercial ad styles to Treichikoff, Norman Rockwell, Holbein, the Hollywood studios, and the high-definition outdoor camera style of the *National Geographic*. Among the more conventional folk, there is a distinct tradition of high-class Kodachromism, doubtless nurtured by the magazine's long list of illustrators working to deadlines only a week or two away, must have used colour photographs for guidance, not to mention inspiration.

Least successful—too familiar, perhaps—are the presidents. Aaron Bohrod's Theodore Roosevelt is judged highly idiosyncratic; a collage of kitsch objects surrounding a frayed picture of the bully alcoved, lit and glassed-in down in the lower concourse: an order of

famous late photograph; and though the expression caught there (and maintained by Vickrey) is remarkable, the painter's exercise hardly qualifies as portraiture. Peter Hurf's President Johnson has an exceptionally scruffy and provisional look about him, and his background in the great outdoors suggests an allotment. Kennedy, so far as one could tell by an oblique squint down the canvas, was dashed off between speeches, in the sun in his eyes, and was impatient to get away. Boris Chaliapin's Jacqueline Kennedy, an extremely foreground face threatened from behind by an overhanging wedding-cake tier of the White House, comes in a traditional style pioneered, it seems, by Ernest Hamlin Baker, the "father of *Time* portraiture" whose 1950 Winston Churchill portrait all Sidney Nolan's Robert Lowell; cryonized laurels, spectacles likewise grafted on, the whole shape suggesting a blurred plaster cast that is either dreadfully saturated of itself or sound asleep. A lot more quickness of this kind would have done the exhibition good, and probably lost *Time* a great many readers. To be fair, one or two of the most promising items were still on the way: Scarfe's Beatles had not yet arrived; neither had an item billed as "Harold Macmillan by Giro". The delay, explains itself.

Foreign leaders receive a noticeably more ambivalent treatment. Vickroy's Khrushchev, admirably, is allowed his problems; he is visibly regretting his peasant tendency to bang tables with footwear. But Harvey Simpson's Brezhnev is in

## Ghostly clamour

The British Institute of Recorded Sound (29 Exhibition Road, London, SW7) was packed out on the evening of January 27, a theatrical sufferer could have filled her diary with the names of those who turned up to hear Richard Babb introduce and playing recordings of Dame Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving. He warned us repeatedly of the poor quality—indeed everything did sound as if it had been recorded on a busy railway station—and anxiety about this no doubt caused him to slip off the tongue: one could get, he said, no more than a ghostly (corrected to "ghostly") echo of Ellen's quality as an actress, nor could one hope to apprehend the clamour (corrected to "glamour") of Henry Irving.

Sir John Gleguid presided over the evening, and gave the company an informative and memorable account of his illustrious Terry relations. It is his great merit, Ellen's vitality that he remembers most, even when she was an infirm old lady for she could never afford to retire. "Very few of the readings of Juliet or Ophelia he can," said Sir John. He saw her in a recital at the Haymarket, when he was about seven, during which one of her impetuous movements sent a vase of flowers flying. Not that this bothered her; she had a sense of humour, which rebelled against Irving's own discipline at the Lyceum, where they were partners for twenty-four years.

## Treasure trove

An exhibition of "Medieval and Early Renaissance Treasures in the North West" is being held in the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester, until February 28. It includes original illuminated manuscripts, paintings, drawings, sculpture, metalwork, and textiles, together with photographs of buildings, sculpture and woodwork in Cheshire, Lancashire and North-west Derbyshire. The range and quality of the exhibits are remarkable. The Ivories begin with a conular diptych of c. 400, and go down to fourteenth-century France. There is one German and one English manuscript, and two English of the twelfth, one a St Albans book from Stonyhurst. From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century there is a wide range of English, French, German, Netherlandish and Italian work. Among the English manuscripts is an unpublished mid-thirteenth century Psalter with preterit miniatures, attributable to the William of Devon group, which comes from the Hart collection at Blackburn, as well as the Westminster *Flora Historiarum* with dated drawings by an associate of Matthew Paris, which comes from Stonyhurst. The Ivories include an Antiphonal of exceptional quality with an initial representing Christ crowned with thorns and mocked, attributed to a Flemish artist c. 1380-1400, which is a gift of Sir Adrian Boult to Liverpool University. Books of Hours form the most precious class, and these are distinguished examples of French and Netherlandish work.

## Operation 'Menace'

The Ivories collected by Joseph Mayer, the manuscripts from Chesham's Library, John Rylands Library and Stonyhurst, and the manuscripts, drawings and sculpture from Chesham's are known, but it will come as a revelation, even to those who live in the north-west, that the Borough of Blackburn had eleven manuscripts to lend (bequest of R. B. Hart, 1946), the Dean and Chapter of Liverpool five (bequest of Sir Frederick Radcliffe, 1953), Merseyside County Museum, Liverpool thirteen (from the Mayer collection); Liverpool City Library three manuscripts (purchased 1968) and fourteen drawings (bequest of H. J. Hornby, 1899, and Edith Walker, gift of Allan Earle, 1948); Liverpool University thirteen (bequest of T. G. Rylands, 1900, gifts of J. W. Hughes, 1903, Sir Sydney Jones, 1914, and later, May Radcliffe, 1917, Sir Adrian Boult, 1950, R. J. Morton, 1969).

The exhibition is very skillfully arranged and mounted, and there is an excellent catalogue, with forty black-and-white and four colour plates by Jonathan Alexander and Paul Crossley, costing £2.50.

## Operation 'Menace'

The Dakar Expedition and the Dudley North Affair

Arthur J. Marder

Operation Menace was the code-name for the ill-fated Dakar expedition of September 1940, when an Anglo-Free French force, with de Gaulle aboard, unsuccessfully attempted to detach the French in West Africa from their adherence to the Vichy Government. In this book Professor Marder presents a masterly case-study of how an operation is mounted and how it can disastrously wrong. *Operation Menace* is a classic, tragicomic demonstration of the fog of war. Illustrated £7.50

## Epigrammata Graeca

Edited by Sir Denys Page

This book includes all epigrams ascribed to Greek authors from Archilochus to Meleager, and in addition the two best of the epigrammatists from the following period, Philodemus and Crinagoras. The majority of the epigrams come from the Palatine and Flavian manuscripts of the Greek Anthology, which have been recollated from the apparatus criticus. £5 Oxford Classical Texts

## The Origins of Ancrene Wisse

E. J. Dobson

*Ancrene Wisse* has long been regarded as the most important work of early Middle English prose, but there has been much debate about when and where it was written. This book attempts a new examination of these problems. It is argued that the author was a member of an order, one of the Augustinian congregations, and that the group of works to which *Ancrene Wisse* belongs can have been written only in the Victorian abbey of Wigmore in northern Herefordshire between 1190 and 1225. £15

## The Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arbly)

Edited by Joyce Hemlow

Volume V.  
West Humble and Paris 1801-1803

Illustrated £17

Volume VI.  
France 1803-1812

Illustrated £13.50

## Eight Contemporary Poets

Calvin Begleit

Here now in a paperback edition is this successful study of the work of eight contemporary British poets: Charles Tomlinson, Philip Larkin, W. S. Graham, Donald Davie, Stevie Smith, Thomas Kinsella, R. S. Thomas, and Ted Hughes. £1.50 Oxford Paperbacks

## Japan: An Economic Survey

Andreas Boltho

This book describes and discusses Japan's exceptional economic growth from 1953 to 1973. The author analyses this growth record, compares it to the performance of other major countries, and examines the factors which contributed to it. In conclusion he looks at the problems Japan is now facing and the changes that are likely to occur in the future. £5 paper covers £4.75 *Essays of the World*

Oxford University Press



## The American record

**By Jasper Ridley**

**PHILLIP KNIGHTLEY:**  
The First Casualty  
465pp. André Deutsch

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**By Joyce Crick**

Zweig In August 1935, "an incorp-  
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1939, from his own attack on Nazism as a phenomenon in German cultural history to the orthodox communist attack on fascism as the instrument of international capitalism: "The ruling class everywhere is Fascist." By bending his ears to German, Spanish, American, and Soviet propaganda attacks, he found no need to write on Soviet attacks or ask questions about the treason trials then current. He was silent on the Nazi-Soviet pact.

It is a pity that amid so many occasional bits and pieces the opportunity has not been taken to reprint in full as many of the articles as numerous were they, but Dr Herder avoids naming the founder, editor and leading spirit of all these journals and institutions: the persona still *non grata*, Willi Münzenberg. The general proportion and tenor of the articles selected for Mann's contributions to the Moscow-based journals, particularly to *J. R. Beckers Internationales Literatur*, appear to be broadly right, increasing as the 1930s near their close.

Dr. Dietrich's title in itself provides a contrast, and a tactical contrast for those elements in the memoirs which might well have been a hindrance to his work. He has been in the GDR: Mann's admiration for Blomberg, Churchill, de Gaulle, his belief in the nation-state, his persistence in the strict sense-idealism.

Much of this: centuryary article forms a substantial part of Dr. Dietrich's Nachwort to the new edition which he has recently limits a section which is a choice example of the pernicious ideological backbiting between the two Germanies.

Dr. Dietrich criticises so much of Mann scholars' work on Dr. Schöber's analysis of the work largely on grounds that he had misrepresented the dialectic nature of Mann's view of history in favour of a cynical Nietzscheanism.

Not only Nietzsche and Marx II  
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When he died, at sixty-five, was famous at last, famous enough to satisfy his mother who had always hoped this son would succeed where his father had failed. He had become Lord Elfric, and for five years a Governor-General of Canada who won the hearts of both Canadians and Americans. And yet even then the parasite had been so much more than had done in his lifetime. His son, Lord Milner's secretary, had been in South Africa, as editor and publisher, as director of Reuters, as a member of parliament, director of the formation for the First World War Cabinet, intelligence officer, historian, High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland, biographer, and a host of other things. He was one of the most industrious and disciplined men of the twentieth century. In spite of all this, he was a man who relaxed with friends, who was able to help the young, who was a walker, extraordinary, literary climber, stalker.

He had worked for success, and was successful. He admired his son who made something of himself.

Dr. Daniel convincingly made much of the "frontier" between "realism and romance" that, agree, characterizes Buchan's work. I remember an evening in the Common Room of Cambridge Hall in 1926 when the young Alastair Buchan, trying to get him to admit that his father had secret sympathy for the Jacobite cause, and Alastair's vehement answer was that his father had "been standing by" him. I was then Crown. I would say that Dr. Daniel's claim that Buchan was always interested in the "if's" of history would be a better way of putting it. Buchan was interested in the "if's" of history, just as he was in the "if's" of lost cause, and equally interested in the "if's" of the future. He was critical of the fanaticism of that kind of Covenantism. Very likely he was speaking of himself in his life story, *His Own Story*, where he wrote of Lathen:

He had always been in his own way a religious man. Brought up under the Calvinist shadow, and accepted a simple evangelism, which, as he grew older, he came to realize was not the whole of life. Oxford he had rationalized in his philosophical studies, but he had never troubled to make it self-satisfying, logical creed.

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like Christian had passed through  
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Swallow, Short Course Unit, Poly-  
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**By Ralph Harper**

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**John Constable and  
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(1776-1837)  
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Fee £4. Full Time Students £2.

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Further details from: Netta Swallow, Short Course Unit, Polytechnic of Central London, 400 Regent Street, London W1. (Tel. 01-580 202 ext. 221.)



## Souls and the party

By Peter Hebblethwaite

BOHDAN R. DOCIURKIW and JOHN W. BYRON (Editors): *Religion and Atheism in the USSR and Eastern Europe*. 412pp. Macmillan, £10.

There is an awesome symmetry about *Religion and Atheism in the USSR and Eastern Europe*. It costs ten pounds and has twenty authors. The symmetry happily does not extend to the contents which expand according to the importance of the themes they deal with. Thus seven chapters examine aspects of religion in the Soviet Union, including the role of anti-religious propaganda in "political socialization" (what used to be called "indoctrination"). There are two across the board surveys of Judaism and Catholicism. And finally the nine chapters devoted to particular countries illustrate to generalists about the face of religion in Eastern Europe, since public manifestations of religious life have been effectively suppressed to next-door Yugoslavia which has recently granted chapters abroad and maintains a form of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. One clear conclusion emerges: though the Russian "model" hoped to shape the legislation of the communist countries of Eastern Europe, there remain considerable differences which can be explained by the complex interplay of historical factors and the relative strength of the different churches. Where, for instance, Catholicism has plausibly claimed to be able to express the "soul" of the nation, as in Poland, it is strong; and where Evangelical Protestantism has been able to support national policy, as in Germany, it is strong. In the latter, it is a force to be reckoned with. These are not exactly novel conclusions, but they bear authoritative restatement.

There are, however, two snags. This is a collective work, conceived originally at a symposium held in March 1971 at Cardinal University, Canada. Additional contributions were solicited, and the preface is dated exactly two years later. Though the situations are not so fluid that one can say that the collection has been overtaken by events, the optimistic judgement about Yugoslavia might have to be modified in the light of subsequent restraints placed on the Roman Catholic Church in Croatia and Slovenia. The other disadvantage is that most of the authors have already written substantial volumes on topics which they are here obliged to boil down drastically. This holds especially for Michael Bourdieu's treatment of the Russian Orthodox Church, William C. Fletcher's discussion of how religion is exploited in Soviet foreign policy, and Gerhard Simon's comparative survey of Catholicism in Eastern Europe. This is not to lament that they should have been gathered together in one volume, but simply a reminder that one is not absorbed from reading their fuller studies of the same themes.

Two troublesome questions nag the reader. The first is the extent to which Western observers exaggerate the importance of the tenacity and vitality of religious life in

the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. And the second is how far the party bosses and ideologists regard this survival of a phenomenon which ought, according to their theory, to have disappeared. The two questions are linked, for if religion has notably failed to wither away as predicted, then either the theory has to be revised or mitigating circumstances have to be adduced to account for its survival. In J. M. Bochenski's treatment of "Marxism-Leninism and Religion" there is no room for better mutual understanding, still less for dialogue: religion is seen as "a radically false, magical pseudo-science", and its disappearance is merely a matter of time. There can be, as Lenin said, nothing more abominable than religion. From this point of view, any variations in the actual treatment of religion (Lenin's "outstretched hand") are no more than tactical manoeuvres, subtler ways of securing its eventual destruction.

However the only Marxist contributor to the volume, Branko Bokanjak, rejects Lenin's views as naive. "It would be a complete illusion", he writes, "to think that religion will die out now that the political and economic change of Yugoslavia has been achieved." And he insists that "the results show that religion does maintain itself in all those societies and continues to lay claim to the entire human being". This empirical observation is clearer than his conclusion, which is that Marxists ought to study religion attentively. But the rather curious phrase about laying claim to "the entire human being" merely sharpens the problem, for if the encounter is between two world-views, two belief-systems, both of which lay claim to "the entire human being", then one can only foresee continuing conflict, relieved occasionally by bursts of tactical tolerance. As Gerhard Simon points out, the notion of the separation of church and state in which religion could occupy the private realm is a liberal and not a Marxist ideal.

The official line is that if religion survives, this must be due to ideological or ideological propaganda, and the illegal attitudes of churchmen. This position is resolutely maintained, whatever the evidence to the contrary. The ideological spectacles determine what is seen. The fact that religion is associated with minorities in the Soviet Union and with nationalism elsewhere must be profoundly disturbing for any ideologue who is prepared to remove his spectacles. Vasily Markus's splendid treatment of "The Uniates of the Ukraine" suggests that harshness may be counter-productive. He quotes Valentin Moroz, a young Ukrainian intellectual now in prison:

"The Church has grown into the cultural life so deeply that it is impossible to touch it without damaging the spiritual structure of the nation. It is impossible to imagine traditional values without the Church."

Religion and nationalism make up a tough combination. Joshua Rosenberg's study of Judaism has made the same paradoxical point, though the Jews do not have a defined territory to defend. Repression has led even atheist Jews to sport beards and wear skull-caps. The resilience of the human spirit is proof against all the power of administrative and police terror.

## Between this world and that

By H. A. Williams

MONICA FURLONG: *Puritan's Progress: A Study of John Bunyan*. 223pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £5.50.

Works of genius both belong to and transcend the times in which they are produced. To appreciate them adequately, therefore, they must be seen in their historical setting and then liberated from it so that their timeless and universal elements may be revealed. Yet that liberation can be only partial. For the expositor himself cannot escape the relativities of his own era, and it is in terms of those relativities that he must needs clothe what he has apprehended as beyond the forms of thought.

Monica Furlong's achievement in *Puritan's Progress* is that she has understood all this, and the result is a profound and compelling study of Bunyan. She first sets him firmly in the context of English seventeenth-century Puritanism and its Calvinist creed. Her picture of the Puritans is fair—she is far from blind to their many virtues. But she sees that people must grow out of any and every religious system if they are to become their full selves and so make available to others the riches of their maturity.

Bunyan's growth to maturity, his Puritan's progress, is described with a subtle and sensitive understanding. We are shown him first as a somewhat boisterous young man fond of what to us would appear entirely innocent pleasures. It was while he was playing what was then the social equivalent of cricket on Elstow village green that Bunyan felt suddenly dazed down from Heaven into his world, and he saw "the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very holy displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some

grievous punishment for these and my other ungodly practices". Such is the danger, delight and hell-ringing of Bunyan's faith and its outward form. He became the victim of his morbid guilt-feelings, made all the worse by his inevitably compulsive desire to blaspheme—against God, as he thought, but in reality against the sadistic juggernaut he had projected upon the heavens. His progress towards salvation consisted in the gradual elimination of the juggernaut and the discovery that in fact it was love freely given which was the ultimate reality. It was the realization of this transcendent yet intimate love which enabled him to accept himself in the earthliness of his humanity. The result was a growing tenderness towards human frailty and the humour which invariably accompanies it. A still more important result was Bunyan's ability to unloose his own imaginative depths so that he was able to write his supreme masterpiece *The Pilgrim's Progress*, in whose second part Christians and her children are shown thankfully enjoying, while on pilgrimage, the land of "pleasures which which Bunyan had formerly fantasied Jesus as hoefully displeased."

Monica Furlong most skilfully weaves the dramas of Bunyan's inner experience with the fluctuating fortunes of his outward circumstances. The land of "pleasures" for twelve years in Bedford jail, the happiness of domestic life, his eventual reputation as a preacher and pastor, and not least the publishing success of his *Progress*.

That Bunyan was a genius is obvious to any who read his three major works: *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, and *Parts One and Two of the Pilgrim's Progress*. Monica Furlong shows him also as somebody who through great suffering fought for and won his true self as a warm, intensely sympathetic, large-hearted, and lovable man. As Bunyan wrote in his writings he understood how in his writings he can move us to laughter, tears, and exaltation while at the same time

keeping our feet firmly on the ground. What she does particularly well is show us how we must distinguish between the reality of Bunyan's faith and its outward form. Formally he was a Calvinist, but the reality of his faith exploded out well beyond the form: "Bunyan's faith took him far beyond the conventional waters of his belief, out into the deep ocean where all our traditions are reconciled. He could accommodate what he experienced within the framework of his doctrine, or my doctrine."

Yet one of the reasons why Monica Furlong is able to make Bunyan so alive for us and full of mourning is that she uses a contemporary system of belief to describe him: the idea that man has an "evil" shadow self which he must acknowledge and take to his bosom as a valid and important part of his identity. She makes Bunyan contemporary by applying to him Jung's concept of individuation. She too is intelligent and too human to overstate this scheme of interpretation in a doctrinaire way, nor does it invalidate what she says. It merely shows that, although the experience of a spiritual genius cannot be accommodated within the framework of any doctrine, we need none the less some kind of doctrinal framework in order to begin to understand him. Perhaps, Monica Furlong's greatest achievement is in this book's gentle realization that Bunyan's insight transcends Jungian psychology no less than Calvinist and Christian theology. She reminds us that his terrible depression did not plague him (as it certainly would a person today) with the suspicion that he was mentally ill, nor did the idea occur to any of his friends; and her concern throughout is to describe not a case-history but a man. That she has succeeded in her aim nobody reading this book could doubt. It leaves us not only feeling that Bunyan would not but wanting to thank him for making us proud and glad to be human.

## The spirit of the supernatural

By Elizabeth Stopp

CHRISTOPHER J. R. ARMSTRONG: *Evelyn Underhill*. 303pp. Mowbrays, £6.

EVELYN UNDERHILL: *Mystics of the Church*. 253pp. Cambridge: James Clarke, £5.

In a number of ways the intellectual and spiritual quest of Evelyn Underhill, the centenary of whose birth fell on December 6, appears to be still relevant; and this is all the more surprising since much of what she wrote, which one or two notable exceptions, the tone of her writing, now seem dated beyond recall. As theological editor of the *Spectator*, she was a prolific religious journalist. She reviewed, lectured and gave retreats, her stable correspondence included many letters of direction, she was a pioneer in editing English mystical texts from manuscript (*The Cloud of Unknowing*, 1912, *The Scale of Perfection*, 1923) and she made the life and literary utterance of mystics of every denomination, of none,

essential part of this most readable and in many ways still an introduction. Her most mature and original work is *Worship* (1936, reprinted 1957), a substantial and cogently structured inquiry addressed to the general reader in a series of chapters in the Library of Constructive Theology.

But her real significance does not lie, except perhaps indirectly, in those few of her works which have survived in an unusual and in every way absorbing account of Evelyn Underhill's mind and intellect. Christopher Armstrong has traced the psychological stages by which an honest and curiously unselfish mind came to grapple with spiritual phenomena, eventually, disciplined her somewhat hectic vision of the mystical life and brought it within the confines of unglamorous reality in action and in simple day-to-day living in a spirit of faith. As an associate of the occultist fin-de-siècle Golden Dawn group which included Yeats and Charles Williams, she first worked her way through a filtration with magical practice, then staved off an attack of "Roman fever" by adhering to a modernist position which she never really relinquished. Her real significance lies in the way she wrote through to a Christian practice of Anglicanism. Even though she was through to a Christian practice, she remained for her best part, as she called it, or a scheme, an attitude; it was not the whole structure which in fact had claimed to be the experience of the great majority of those whose experience of "the life" which aims at union with God (her definition of mysticism) she describes.

Evelyn Underhill was fortunate in having, in later life, the direct influence of Baron von Hügel who did more for her psychologically than in matters of doctrine. He helped her to actualize in a mature way the earlier years' expressed imagination, writing of a rather crude mysticism. It is a welcome feature of Mr. Armstrong's study that he pays

critical attention to the literary form and structure of Evelyn Underhill's main works and also to her style. Her writing was basically an artist, though hardly a good one.

This approach is fruitful for unravelling the symbolism of her novels, especially *The Column of Dust* (1909), which has the air of Oscar Wilde's occult pieces and some amusing dialogue. It is also revealing for the nature of her much more serious work, *Worship*, which she wrote in a letter after the publication of *Worship*. "It is the simple nature of all religious formulations without exception and the deep understanding of the supernatural experience." Mr. Armstrong is himself sensitive to difficulties of this kind and his analysis is, always, perceptive, and also discreet. He has used every means to make his work as clear and as unambiguous as possible, and his book is a most welcome addition to the literature of mysticism. It is a pity that the end of the book is so full of mistakes and the proofreading has been less than careful.

Fifty years ago Evelyn Underhill pointed out in *The Mystical Way* that contemplatives were nurtured within well-established walls, cramping at times but always supporting the relatively few few mystics of the Christian denominations found themselves in houses where building operations were still in full swing and where the sound of the hammer broke in on their quietude. Today, there is a marked change in the atmosphere of mysticism, a flight to reality, a reaction, no doubt, to the flowering of falling masonry within the Church and the churches. It is in this sense that Mr. Armstrong's lucid and balanced account of an exemplary quest may prove of real value. It is likely that the conclusion of Evelyn Underhill will stand wherever the Christian philosophy of the contemplative life is taken seriously as a basis for Christian action.

## Pagan idioms

By Peter Levi

TONY HARRISON (Editor): *Palladas: Poems*. 37pp. Anvil Press, £1.95 (paperback, 80p).

PETER RUSSELL: *The Elegies of Quintilius*. 62pp. Anvil Press, £1.95 (paperback, 80p).

Tony Harrison's brilliance as a translator and the effective precision of his language are well known in the theatre. He is an interesting poet in his own right, and a trained Classical scholar. *Palladas* is one of those marginal and late poets of antiquity who seem almost the most fascinating at present to those somewhat rare "Classical" scholars who really love poetry. He was born about 319 into a world still in the process of being shattered by Christian fanaticism of low intellectual attainments. He was a schoolmaster, a tricky enough life in the first place, and his poetry was bitterly forced. He was a pagan, and his few pages of introduction in *Palladas: Poems* are among the best that have ever been devoted to him. What is striking is the deliberate roughness of tone in his epigrams. It is true that sometimes he expresses "a cosmic derision like an orchestrated death-rattle", and Tony Harrison catches the tone exactly. No poet is less "elegiac" though he wrote in elegiac couplets.

These translations, or adaptations, are so painful and vivid that since they are after all a selection, not the complete text of *Palladas*, one is led to wonder what in them so catches and so lionizes the idiom of twentieth-century England. Most good translations of the Classics into English have happened because it permitted the expression of what was unable or not permitted to express for ourselves. Marlowe's Ovid touches on an amoral sexuality he could not express in his own person. Dryden found in Lucan's two last forbidden subjects, the consolation of a goddess death and the sexual behaviour of women. In the 1930s Classical expressions of homosexuality were privileged. What Tony Harrison does, consciously or not, includes some savage anti-feminism, and some plainer speaking about Christians than is usual even today. If he were a modern writer, *Palladas* would not be considered a nice man.

*Palladas* is the coarse and bitter dregs of antiquity; yet after too much honey, too prolonged a sunset, what an admirable vigour. What is more, this is recognizably the vigour of the ancient world, not of a new one about to be born. The fourth century AD was in some ways the simplest of times, and it is to divide them into forward-looking and backward-looking is no help. But it may be worth noting that *Palladas* and he too was not an unbiased or neutral man. He was much of a different kind, and the same amount of talent of a different kind, he might have written poems like these. Does it mean that to call *Palladas*'s rancour much and Jerome's rancour Christian? But the lash of *Palladas* is epigrammatic and in some rather deliberate way self-defeating.

When he comes up to the bedroom and switches on the light, the poor man with the ugly wife stares out into the night. Tony Harrison's versions are easily quotable, they create their own context by reference to life, as the poems of *Palladas* did. There is a throwaway quality, with no consensus about the beautiful which *Palladas* shares. He does choose to be beautiful, there is also a throwaway quality, and that is also mirrored in these versions. Tony Harrison can also be extremely funny, perhaps funnier than the original.

Mein Breast, mein Corset, mein Laga Ja dedicates to Juicy like all the excellent poetry of the past by exclamation.

ing laughter; the first reading is likely to be stupefied. Tony Harrison is a dramatic writer, and here in these brief savings it is hard for him to establish an atmosphere until the joke and the bite have receded. The book should be read slowly, and treasured against a rainy day. Before the end of this brief appraisal of the performance, it is irresistible to quote the poem about monks:

Solitaires? I wonder whether real solitaires live together? Crowds of recluses? Pseudo, pooling all their solitudes.

Peter Russell's *The Elegies of Quintilius* are in their own way as funny and witty but they are quite a different kettle of fish. Indeed, they put a well-disposed reviewer in a difficult position, since the obvious first thing to be said about them in some way spoils a brilliantly executed joke for readers of the review. Mr. Russell, backing up his wit with a marvelously learned and extremely funny set of footnotes, has simply invented these poems. How boring a pedant one feels to say so, and how much better to let the poems speak for themselves. It is an interesting exercise to take *Quintilius* at face value, as if he did exist.

Mr. Russell tells us he lived at Stax, that is, he was born from 350 to 427, and he died, according to Pliny's *Aduersus*, of a surf-felt of lemlu. Aduersus in his famous shipwreck lost Book 2 of the *Odes*, recovered from a Mandaean translator, and Savonarola said, "The Church can afford the loss." His papyrus was found by a Nicaraguan engineer digging for potash at ancient Aphrodisias, and was bought by the University of Texas. It has not yet been catalogued, and seems unlikely before the twenty-first century, as what is left of the Classics Department is editing the papyrus. It includes a "mock-heroic work, *The Apotheosis of Lucilla*" in the same dry droll as *Achilles among the Women*. I have avoided the more esoteric jokes in the footnotes, but there are run riot, and a Classical scholar or a scholar of Eliot and Pound, and he did, according to Pliny's *Aduersus*, of a surf-felt of lemlu. 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